



Life as a blue boy...



blue boy life

👁 245 ✓ 41 ★ 29

Chapter 1 by Tailors <3

Eight teens all dressed in white stood side by side on the stage. They stood in front of the town. They resembled perfect innocence. Each month eight selected fourteen-year-olds were required to become one of the eight colours of emotion.

The mayor of the small town stood in front of the first innocent-looking teen. She had a small frame and resembled a delicate flower. He raised his hand to her head and closed his eyes. He muttered something and opened opened his eyes once again. He turned to face the town. "Yellow! The colour of serenity, joy and ecstasy!" The 'yellow' people cheered happily and the girl collapsed. She would be taken to the surgery and genetically modified to become 'yellow'. The mayor continued.

"Red! The colour of rage, anger and passion!" The Reds all cheered and the boy was taken to be modified. "Magenta! The colour of loathing, disgust and boredom!" The Magentas all yawned and let off bored cheers. The boy collapsed and was taken away.

"Now It is my turn" Thought Caleb Rivers. He closed his eyes and waited for his colour. "Deep Blue! The colour of sadness, dreaminess and loneliness!" Caleb heard no cheering. He sighed sadly and blacked out.

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white streets before stopping at a large, deep blue door. He opened the door and stepped inside.

He walked the blue streets. The whole town was this deep miserable shade of blue. He pushed his hands into the pockets of his miserably blue hoodie and felt a slip of paper there. He took it out. "Your new address: 120 Peppers Lane. Hmmm... I guess this is where I live in this town." He wandered the unfamiliar blue streets until he found the house. 120 Peppers Lane. He opened the deep blue door and went inside. As he did he felt more relaxed. You could even say he felt 'happy'. "Home" He mumbled to himself. He let of a shy smile and looked around the room.

Chapter 2 by -



The room was completely covered in that miserable shade of deep blue, as you may imagine.

The room was completely covered in that miserable shade of deep blue, as you can imagine. The drapes were hanging blue, the dish soap was blue, the TV screen was blue. How dreary.

On his desk, a blue laptop was sitting open. People dressed in different shades of blue were dancing and singing - the Blues. Caleb sulked over to the desk. "Bluetube... I've never heard of that before..."

He glanced above the door. "Ironic..." there written above it was his name: CALEB RIVERS. The letters were large, shiny and a metallic blue. "Wonder if my last name had anything to do with the choosing of my color..."

Caleb sat on the edge of his blue bed, and fell into a deep blue dream...

Chapter 3 by Fae



The room was completely covered in that miserable shade of deep blue, as you may imagine. The walls were a light, sky blue; the wood-textured table a deep navy. Even the dim light within the room, filtered by the large, blue-tinted windows, were a light shade of the constant, never-

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color. He vaguely wondered whether his modification to become a blue boy was the cause, but he didn't wonder much. It wasn't, after all, a blue boy's nature to wonder.

His blue eyes traveled the room solemnly, and, once satisfied with his surroundings, Caleb stepped lifelessly towards the single large window emitting blue light.

Though he thought he may have imagined it, he saw a flash.

A flash of *color*.

Chapter 4 by Ryan DeAngelis



He rushed to the window, looking everywhere that he could see to try to find it. There must've been something, he knew there had to be /something./ Despite his scanning, nothing could be found except an expanse of boring blue. Disappointed, he walked back to his bed, turning back a lot in order to see whether whatever it was that he saw would appear again.

He flopped back onto his bed, and sighed, a wave of self-doubt rushed over him. "Of course that wasn't anything," he thought, "this is the blue area. Nothing else exists but this dreaded color." He began to think about how no one had even been in the streets earlier when he heard some kind of faint rapping sound.

tap, tap, tap

Caleb began to get up, but stopped and sunk back. "Probably just an object hitting the window, or just another imagining," he thought out loud. He went back to his earlier thought, dismissing it.

tap, tap, tap

This time it couldn't be ignored. Hoisting himself out of bed, he almost jumped back when he saw what was making the noise. Or, more correctly, /who/ was making the noise. It was... the yellow girl? How'd she get here? And she was... calling for him? From what he could make out

she was saying something along the lines of "I need your help." She then pointed in the direction of his door. Confused, but going a

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Chapter 5 by PixelInsane



Caleb opened the door and the girl stepped inside. "They're coming, we have to go." She started to pull his hand but he stood firm. "What do you mean, how did you get here, why aren't you in the yellow area?" The yellow girl sighed and smiled happily. "They have trapped us in this state of blind obedience. The others are waiting, come on." She pulled him out and towards an alley. A rainbow door stood at the very end. As they walked inside, Caleb Rivers mind opened up to the other emotions that existed.

Chapter 6 by -



He was happy, sad, angry, confused, and a hundred other emotions. They all came rushing over him. Caleb was overwhelmed.

"How could they do this to us?! I have missed so much!" Caleb looked around as they stepped into a colorful room. The other eight emotions were sitting around planning. They had maps and globes of the city thrown about.

"So Caleb finally joins us! Welcome to Peace alliance." I noticed that they all had the same shirt on. It had a rainbow colored peace sign on it. "Here's yours... Put it on."

They threw me a shirt and I put it on.

I was now a Peace Fighter.

Chapter 7 by -



The group headed to the closest bus station, they looked pretty weird - white shirts with a rainbow colored emblem, rainbow pants, and their hair had even turned a strange mixture of color.

They weren't exactly sure where they were going, but they knew they needed to take out whoever was in control. The Peace Fighters had decided that the best way to do so, would just be to walk up and denounce their positions as emotions.

Of course, this would pose problems. Because they were the emotions, and if the alliance ceased to be, so would those emotions. Only couldn't kill them, and that was a comforting thought.

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As the bus headed into a more populated town, Caleb noticed a huge glass dome. "That's it!" He exclaimed and jumped from his seat.

The others stood up and stared at it in disbelief. "What are we doing?!"

Chapter 8 by -



The very moment Caleb stepped foot into the dome-shaped structure, three men gaffed him up and surrounded the others.

They were all pushed forward and led before a bald-headed man sitting behind a desk. "Ah, so we didn't even have to come looking for you rebels. Instead, you all came straight to me!" He let a smug grin spread across his face. "All the better - Slemter, I want the search party terminated." He ordered the officer standing for duty beside the desk.

The Peace Fighter's stared in haughty defiance. "What do you want with us now?"

"Hahahaha..." The man chuckled as he stood up and leaned his hands into the desk. "You have defiled your calling, I have no need of you, far less do I *want* you." Another evil laugh escaped his mouth. "Take them away!"

They were all taken through a door past the man's desk. It led to a small passageway and then to a long set of descending stairs.

When they finally reached the bottom, Caleb recognized the signs of an extermination room. "Wait, this can't be right. We have done nothing wrong!"

A guard jabbed his fingers into Caleb's back. "Shut up, traitor!" And then each of the Fighter's were given a shot. As the drug took effect, it left each of them senseless.

The Peace Alliance ended that fateful night. And a the following day, another eight teens stood lined up again, and received an emotion...

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